

ADAMS SENTINEL.

ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"RESIST WITH CARE THE SPIRIT OF INNOVATION UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, HOWEVER SPECIOUS THE PRETEXTS."—Washington.

Advertisements, \$1 per square for 4 weeks—25 cts. per s. for each cont.

VOL. IX.

GETTYSBURG, PA. MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1836.

NO. 40.

OUT-LOTS FOR SALE.

Will be offered at Public Sale, on Tuesday the 27th day of October next, on the premises,

11 OUT LOTS,

situate near the Borough of Gettysburg, on the Emmitsburg road, containing from 3 to 29 acres each. On one of the Lots, containing 29 Acres and 150 Perches, is

A Log Dwelling-house, Brick Barn, Orchard, and a spring of water.

Also—at the same time,

A LOT,

containing 8 Acres and 99 Perches, on the Millerstown road, adjoining the Seminary, on which is a small

Frame Dwelling-house and Stable, and well of water.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, when attendance will be given, and the terms of sale made known by

J. B. M'PHERSON, Cashier.
Sept. 28.

A plot of the Lots can be seen at the Bank.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the Estate of **PHILIP FEHL**, late of Hamilton township, deceased, are desired to call and discharge the same without delay. And those who have any claims against said Estate, are requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

The Executor resides in Menallen township.

GEORGE FEHL, Ex'r.
Aug. 31.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers, appointed by the Court Referees to settle and adjust the disputed items in the account of Wm. Cowdover, one of the Administrators of JOHN COWDOVER, deceased, and also to settle and adjust the amount and ascertain the advancements made to the heirs of said deceased, will meet for that purpose, at the house of Wm. M'CLELLAN, in Gettysburg, on Friday the 20th of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

SAMPSON S. KING,
WM. M'CLELLAN,
JAMES COOPER.
Sept. 21.

The Eunuch's Confession, or *Scripture Views of the Sonship of Jesus Christ.*

THIS is the best biblical exposition of this vitally important doctrine known to

C. G. M'LEAN.
June 12th, 1835.

Sold at the Apothecary & Book Store of

S. H. BUEHLER.
Gettysburg, July 6.

NOTICE.

MY Wife, *Mary Steinhour*, having left my bed and board without any just cause, this is to give notice that I am determined not to pay any debts of her contracting after this date.

HENRY STEINOUR.
Sept. 15, 1835.

Potter's Catholicon, a sovereign remedy for diseases of the liver, debility resulting from intemperance and dissipation, old and inveterate ulcers, pains in the bowels, attended with swelling of the joints, indigestion, blotches on the face, pimples, &c. syphilis, cutaneous diseases generally, and tetter in particular, mercurial and scrofulous complaints, &c.—sold at the Apothecary and Book-store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.
Gettysburg, Feb. 2.

DE LA MONTERAT'S INDIAN SPECIFIC. This valuable Medicine is highly recommended to the public, as being a safe and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, and Diseases of the Breast and Lungs, &c. A direction and certificates will accompany each bottle of Specific.

RUSH'S & CHAPMAN'S Anti-Dyspeptic Pills. These Pills are extensively known, as being an effectual remedy for the cure of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion.

The above Medicines are for sale at the Apothecary and Drug Store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.
Jan. 5.

CHURCH HARMONY. Pocket Volume of Sacred Music, by Henry Smith, third edition, enlarged and improved, for sale by the dozen or single copy, at publisher's prices.

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.
Rockwell, Gettysburg.

By whom orders for the above work will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

TRUSSES.—Hull's Improved Patent Trusses, and Common do. for sale at the Apothecary and Drug Store of

S. H. BUEHLER.
May 26.

POETRY.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect her sad blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves of the bed,
Where the sweet of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendship deceays,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts are wither'd,
And fond ones are flown;
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Troy Daily Advertiser.

SATURDAY EVENING.

"The toil-worn Cotter free his labor goes,
This Night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course doth homeward bend."

Burn's Cotter's Saturday Night.

Those who feel the fatigue of labor, know the enjoyment of rest. The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, and so is his food, says the sage of antiquity, and the experience of mankind in every age protests, the truth of the sentiment. It may well be questioned whether those who have no active employment, either of body or mind, can enjoy the full

amount of happiness that is attainable in our present condition. If contentment constitutes the chief ingredients of happiness, then those who possess the most incentives to this state of mind, command the greatest number of tributary streams flowing in to make up, as it were, a reservoir from which they may draw to slake the thirst of the mind. These incentives, we conceive, arise mainly from employment, and from the consciousness of discharging faithfully the relative duties of life. The industrious man looks forward when his day's labor will be brought to a close, anticipates during his toil the pleasure of rest, and the joys of domestic society and comfort, and under the influence of these feelings, plies himself to his task with a cheerfulness and alacrity, which renders his employment easy, his hours of labor swift winged, and his mind contented and happy.

They who spend their days in indolence, who are forced to seek out expedients to while away the time, who seek their enjoyment mostly in lounging from place to place, and in the society of kindred idlers, have no such bright prospects in anticipation, no such relief to the working of the restless spirit. To them, days and nights hang equally heavy, and this monotony of life admits of scarcely any interruption.—True, the life of the laboring man is monotonous, but it is broken in upon, or rather relieved, by the causes just mentioned; & hence it is not disagreeable or burdensome.

Saturday evening, to the laboring man, is always welcome. Other evenings in the week are indeed welcome, but this is pre-eminent so. His weekly mail, in the language of nature's poet, quoted at the beginning of this article, is then closed—he looks forward to a day of rest in body and mind—in composure and quiet, he sits down to his evening repast, anxious for the morrow. This is peculiarly the case with the husbandman, who at the season of the year, of the hurry, bustle & fatigue of gathering in the harvest, greatly needs rest. We fancy that we see him in the conscious dignity of a freeman—in the pride of a citizen of the republic—in the independence of a yeoman and farmer, retiring from his labor, laying aside his implements of husbandry, and preparing for the enjoyment and tranquility of a Sabbath day's repose.

And not only the farmer—the merchant and mechanic, the laborer of every description, whether of head or of hand, feels, in like manner, placid emotions on the return of Saturday evening—considers it a weekly jubilee wisely instituted for the relief of mortals wearied in the world's struggle, & receives a partial remuneration in its enjoyment for the wasted energies, fatigue of body and anxiety of mind, necessarily taxed upon them in refined and civilized life. Equally welcome to the brute creation, doomed to toil & serve the interests of man, is the return of Saturday evening—and equally grateful the cessation from labor that succeeds on the following day. How wise, how benignant, the institution of one day in seven for the purposes of rest from the toils and troubles, the perplexities and cares of labor and business.

Without rest, man would be incapable of life itself almost insufferable.

Saturday evening is also a favorite time for reflection. Much of the philosophy of life consists in viewing calmly the events around us—the condition of society—the means of enjoyment—the follies of the gay and thoughtless—the termination of all human greatness, am-

bition and aspirations.—Multitudes are hurried along in the giddy throng of the world without schooling their minds by way of preparation, to meet what may be expected to happen in the course of life, and hence, "the ills that flesh is heir to," often fall upon them unawares, and blight their prospects when they least expect it. Some short time taken from the passing hours, for deliberate thought, for reasoning with one's self, for reflecting upon the chances and mishaps that occur in our earthly pilgrimage, may be of countless service, and save the sensitive mind of many severe pangs in the hour of visitation and trial.

The Stormy Day.—The moral conveyed in the following anecdote, which we copy from Peter Parley's Almanac for old and young, must prove beneficial to a certain class of persons. If any such should peruse it, we trust the practical and cutting reproof of the anxious wife will have its desired effect.

Boston Paper.

It was a drizzling, hail-snowy day, just such a day as puts nervous people in a bad humor with themselves and every one else. Job Dodge sat brooding over the fire, immediately after breakfast. His wife addressed him as follows: "Mr. Dodge, can't you mend that front door latch to day?" "No," "Well, can't you fix that North window, so that the rain and snow won't drive in?" "No—no!" answered the husband sharply.

He then took his hat, and was on his way of leaving the house, when his wife, knowing that he was going to the tavern, where he would meet some of his wet day companions, asked him kindly to stop a moment. She then got her bonnet and cloak, and said to her husband, "You are going to the tavern; with your leave I will go with you." The husband stared.—"Yes," said the wife, "I may as well go as you; if you go and waste the day, and tittle at the tavern, why shall I not go and do the same?" Job felt the reproof—he shut the door, hung up his hat, got the hammer and nails, did all his wife had requested, and sat down by his fire at night—a better and a happier man.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

At the risk of rendering myself liable to the charge of ignorance of the science of physiognomy, or to that of being a careless observer, I will relate the following anecdote:—

I was passing a few days at the house of Mr. C—, the well known traveller, at Blackheath. One morning, Mr. C—, on going out to take his ride, told me he had appointed a man to call who he had been recommended to him as a proper person to supply the place of a servant whom he was about to discharge. "As you have declined accompanying me," said he, "and intend to pass your morning in the library, I wish, if the fellow should come during my absence, you would look at him; and if you think him likely to suit the place, make him wait." Within half an hour after my friend's departure, a female servant entered the room. She was followed by a man plainly and indeed somewhat coarsely habited; and his person and general appearance were as coarse as his dress.—The man seated himself in a chair nearest the door, and the maid servant withdrew. I thought this an odd proceeding on his part, not to say an impudent one. Mr. C—? said he, in an inquiring tone, and as I fancied, with something of a foreign accent. "No," replied I, "I am not Mr. C—; but he will be home in an hour." "I know you not to be Mr. C—," said he. "You are here by appointment," I continued. "Yase." "Have you served much?" "O yase, moch." "You are used to hard work?" "Yase, very hard work." "Very well; wait," said I, yet not at all liking the fellow's appearance, and thinking him ill qualified to grace the library. "Yase," replied he, "I wait." And wait he did for a considerable time, during all which I continued reading, occasionally looking at him with something like astonishment at his assurance in presuming to sit down. At length Mr. C— came into the room, and on perceiving the fellow, he, to my utter confusion, seized him by both hands, and shaking them cordially, exclaimed, "My dear General, I am happy to see you; this visit is kind indeed!" It was the renowned Guerilla leader, General Mina. This was one of those awkward cases which any attempt at explanation would have rendered worse, and as the General was ignorant of the mistake which his homely appearance had led me into, I apprehend that, so far as he was affected by it, he merely set me down in his own mind as not being over courteous. His answers to my questions, as to whether he had served much, & whether he was used to hard work, were unquestionably true, and assisted to complete the equivocal.

London Court Journal.

A Kerry School-master's Address.—Here, byes, (boys) shake a grain of

seed among the war in the time you go to set on—throw your turfs in the corner, and bring over my stool here close to the fire. I thought I'd told you before, Felix, to bring a sod of turf every mornin'! Sit down, sit down, sit down, I say, on the floor along with the rest, and get your lesson, and don't let me see you near the fire all this blessed day. Now, byes,

what are you after? Silence! A-b, ab, b-a-g, bag. Silence! Jem Doherty, whip the door off the hinges, and clap it on this row of sods—there now, borrow a larger bit of chalk from Carnaghan, till I write a large hand copy. Hum, buz—ba, be, bi, bo, bu, buz. Tony Flanagan, come over here—Arrah, why don't you come, sir, when I bid you? See here, spell me this word—Con-stan-ti-ni-ple. Byes, see what it is to know navigation—I don't suppose there's a man in the barony, barring myself and the priest, can tell who Constantinoople is!"—*Croker's Legends.*

Adrien and the Orange Stand.

Adrien, the magician, went up the other day to an orange stand in Broad way, and taking up an orange in his hand, asked the man who stood by, "vat you take for de orange?"

"A sixpence,"

Adrien pulled out a sixpence, paid it, and then took a small pen-knife and divided the orange very nearly in two, and lo! behold! drew out half a dollar from the centre, at least to all appearance. The orange seller started a little, but said nothing. Adrien put the half dollar into his pocket, and tossed the two halves of the orange into the gutter.

"Vat you take for anouder ov de orange," asked Adrien.

"A sixpence," said the man.

Adrien pulled out his sixpence the second time, paid, cut the orange in two, took another half-dollar out of the cut, put it into his pocket, and tossed the orange into the gutter. The orange dealer breathed harder and stared wilder.

"Vat you take for a taird ov de orange?" again asked Adrien.

"No, no, my old boy," said the fellow; "you get no more of my oranges at that price." He picked them up in a basket and ran home to his wife.—Here, Margery, said he, breathless, "there's two hundred oranges, each of them with half a dollar in its bowels—come, get a knife and help me to pick them out."

"Haste, haste," said he, "and immediately began slashing away among his oranges.

The first was cut—no half dollar appeared. Another and another, and another—still no half dollar.

"Is the man mad?" said Margery.

"I am sure," said he, "I saw two of them I sold for a sixpence each have half a dollar in the inside."

"Oh you fool," said his wife, "Adrien, the magician, must have been the man."

The husband soon discovered his mistake—went back to his old stand with a couple of dozen oranges he saved out of the two hundred, and swears if Adrien were to pull out a woman from the inside of an orange he would not believe him.

YOUNGSTERS.

A Western paper contains the following analysis of a Southern Advertisement:—

A gentleman at Pensacola, Florida, advertises for sale "sixty valuable slaves—the whole of them well acquainted with brick-making, having been employed at that business for the last six years." In the list we find three from 8 to 10 years old, three from 7 to 8, three from 3 to 4, and one of 1 year only! Verily some must have begun brick-making at an early age, and at least four of them were at the business before they were born!

"John, you rogue," said an unthinking mother, "if ever I catch you at the closet again stealing cake and sugar, I will whip you as sure as you live." "Why no you won't, mother," answered impertinent John, shrewdly, "for you told me so above a thousand times."

LONG EARS.

We find the following in the Lexington (Kentucky) Observer:—

The Charlestown (Va.) Free Press expresses some fears that the cows in that region may suffer the ensuing winter for the want of rubbings, the corn having grown to such a size as to render it impossible for a cow to get the ears into her mouth. We can inform our brother that hereabouts the ears of corn have grown so large, that the farmers talk very seriously of making fences with corn cobs instead of rails as heretofore!! Let us now hear no more boasting of Virginia corn.

what are you after? Silence! A-b, ab, b-a-g, bag. Silence! Jem Doherty, whip the door off the hinges, and clap it on this row of sods—there now, borrow a larger bit of chalk from Carnaghan, till I write a large hand copy. Hum, buz—ba, be, bi, bo, bu, buz. Tony Flanagan, come over here—Arrah, why don't you come, sir, when I bid you? See here, spell me this word—Con-stan-ti-ni-ple. Byes, see what it is to know navigation—I don't suppose there's a man in the barony, barring myself and the priest, can tell who Constantinoople is!"—*Croker's Legends.*

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N. Y. Herald.

REMARKABLE OPERATION.

We have seen, this morning, a young man from Virginia, named Wilson, born deaf, and of course dumb also, whose sense of hearing has been restored, or rather created, by an operation performed by Dr. Webster, of this city. The evidence that he could hear distinctly, was conclusive and satisfactory, although he could utter but one or two intelligible sounds, only 3 days having elapsed since the operation was performed. He had been educated in the Deaf and Dumb institution, but of necessity, although able to read, and knowing the letters which, being united,

represented objects, he was yet to learn the sounds of those letters, and the names of those letters as enunciated in spoken language. The discovery is a most important one, and we shall make farther report of the very interesting case in which it has been established; deeming it more advisable to wait a month or two, for the development of the power.—N. Y. Com.

Cherry Stones.—A young woman lately died in a Paris hospital from what was supposed to be an inexplicable cause, but when her body was opened, no less than 617 cherry stones were found accumulated in her intestines, in which they were confined by a cancerous contraction.

Remarkable instance of Presence of Mind.—We have heard of a remarkable instance of presence of mind exhibited a few days since by an intelligent boy of 8 or 9 years of age, in Pittsfield, (N. H.) which is worth recording. He was alone on the banks of a mill pond, when he unfortunately slipped and fell in. The water was deep, and he knew not how to swim—and on coming to the surface he found himself at the distance of several feet from the shore. At that moment it occurred to him that it was stated in Parley's Magazine, a work which he had read with great care and delight, that if persons in such a predicament would throw them-

selves on their back, and kick with their feet, at the same time keeping their hands perfectly still, they would be able to keep their heads above water for a long time. He tried the experiment, which was successful beyond his hopes—for his head being towards the bank, after kicking manfully for a few moments, he was enabled to grasp a bush on the border, and gain terra firma. So much for Parley's Magazine and presence of mind.—*Amer. Journal.*

From the North River Times.

Romantic Adventure.—Married.—In this village, on Tuesday evening last, by John Stagg, Esq. of Clarkstown, Mass. Hester Ann Evans, of Walden, Orange county, to Mr. Levi Smith of this town.

The circumstances attending the above marriage, are somewhat singular; but having had a happy termination, and having produced some little amusement in the neighborhood, we have thought best to give them to our readers correctly.

Mr. Smith formerly resided at Walden, and for some length of time paid his addresses to Miss Evans. He was honest and sincere in his intentions, and the wedding day was named. At this juncture of the affair, some evil disposed person whispered calumny in the ear of Mr. S. against the object of his affections—his jealousy was aroused, and he precipitately left the place. This happened in July, and Miss E. having learned the cause of his sudden departure, made every inquiry, with the hope of finding and convincing him of his error; but all to no purpose. Confident that her friend was laboring under a false impression, confident of her ability to convince him of his error, and relying implicitly upon his honor when so convinced, about a week since she came to the romantic determination of leaving her friends and home, and of searching out this abode, if indeed, he were yet living. The world is called cruel and unkindly—it may be so; but we have yet to learn an instance, where a female ever ventured forth upon a laudable undertaking, but that the world assisted here at every step.—So in the present instance, our fair heroine proceeded to Newburgh, where she soon found those who interested themselves in her behalf, and who, on inquiry, ascertained that a Mr. Smith, some weeks since, took passage from that place to N. York. She proceeded to N. York in the first boat, arrived on the following morning, and entered that immense city a total stranger, to seek among a population of two hundred and seventy thousand a single individual, who, in all probability, was unknown to them all. Probably, nay, we may say possibly, was against her. But she carried within her breast a woman's heart, which, actuated by the holy fire of love, thought only of success. The very idea of a young, inexperienced, and unprotected female, entering a vast city to search among a heterogeneous population for a fugitive lover, appears incredible; but such is the fact, nor was she successful.

Countless were the dangers she passed; but surmounting every obstacle, she pursued her inquiry, until, at last, she learned that a person, bearing the description of Mr. S. had, with a view, probably, of more effectually hiding himself from the world, taken passage in a boat for Little Rockland. Hither she proceeded, and landed at Grassy Point. After making every necessary inquiry at that place, she hired a conveyance and came to this village on Tuesday last. Here the romantic and dangerous journey was brought to a close—here she received the reward for all her toil and all her labor. Mr. Smith when he left his home came almost directly to this place and here he had been and was still industriously and perseveringly pursuing his wonted calling. After some little delay an interview was had, when a mutual explanation & reconciliation took place—"they kissed and were friends again."

In the course of the evening our good friend Justice Stagg put a stop to any further rambling on the part of the truant swain, by tying that knot which death alone can unravel.

In the language of Paine, it may be said of Mr. Smith, that

"Delighted to find her in honor and ease,
He felt no more sorrow nor pain;
And the wind coming fair, he ascended the breeze,
And went back with his Hester again."

Remarkable Operation.—We have seen, this morning, a young man from Virginia, named Wilson, born deaf, and of course dumb also, whose sense of hearing has been restored, or rather created, by an operation performed by Dr. Webster, of this city. The evidence that he could hear distinctly, was conclusive and satisfactory, although he could utter but one or two intelligible sounds, only 3 days having elapsed since the operation was performed. He had been educated in the Deaf and Dumb institution, but of necessity, although able to read, and knowing the letters which, being united,

represented objects, he was yet to learn the sounds of those letters, and the names of those letters as enunciated in spoken language. The discovery is a most important one, and we shall make farther report of the very interesting case in which it has been established; deeming it more advisable to wait a month or two, for the development of the power.—N. Y. Com.

The sedulously fanatical disposition manifested by the abolitionists of the North, encouraged as it is by the course pursued by some of the newspaper editors, of whom better things were expected—exciting a feeling and determination among the people of the Southern States, of a most alarming character, as regards the preservation of the union of the States. At a recent adjourned public meeting in South Carolina, after some time was allowed for deliberation, a preamble and nine resolutions were unanimously adopted—a part of which it was thought not advisable to publish—the temper and tendency of the rest may be judged of by the following, which is the 4th of the resolutions:

Resolved, That should the non-seceding States, omit or refuse, at the ensuing meeting, of their respective Legislatures, to put a final stop to the proceedings of their abolition Societies, against the domestic peace of the South; and

The Atlantic Steam-Packet Company, is the name of a company for which, as we learn from the New-York Courier, application is to be made to the Legislature of the State of New-York for a charter of incorporation; the object being to establish a line of steam-packets between that port and Liverpool. It is intended to build vessels of about 1200 tons burthen with two engines each. But little doubt is entertained of accomplishing the passage out in twelve days, and the return passage in about fourteen!

Should this line be established, a voyage to England will be thought no more of than a journey to distant parts of our vast Union. A line of steam-packets from a suitable port in Maine or those parts (to Valparaiso in Ireland) would, of course, render a trans-atlantic voyage much shorter still.—*Balt. Gaz.*

Ophiophoria.—I have small sympathy and respect for these learned professors of craniology. I do not believe that the human skull ever was intended as a sort of topographical chart of the soul and its affections. The general principles of the science are plausible, perhaps true; but when you come to subdivide a man's cranium into innumerable saucages of thought and feeling—when you give to every impulse its place of origin, it is, as my friend Grant Thornburn said in Boston, coming to rather close quarters.

The truth is, science pursued to its ultimatum, is the height of folly. I have no reverence for names, thank Heaven, unless they are hallowed by reason. I acknowledge that the brain is placed in a certain part of the human head; that if that part be small or diminished, the quantity of gumption in the individual who owns the cranium, will be 'nothing to speak of';—and this is the extent of my phenology. Half the modern professors of this science are as arrant quacks as ever vendued nostrum. They tell a story of an acquaintance of mine—a wag, who, by the way, has never denied it to this effect. He was determined to quiz a phenologist.—Accordingly, he repaired to his shoe maker, and caused him to place upon his head an enormous organ of wax. The disciple of Craniology performed his task well; placed the organ rightly, according to a lithographical plate, and stuck upon it a goodly covering of human hair. This accounted, our hero visited the phenological professor. He submitted his head to the decisive palm of his Bump ship, and received his opinion. "God bless me, sir," said the learned judge, "you have an admirable head, in many respects—but you possess one organ, which speaks volumes for character."

"What is that, pray?"

"This is it, sir—allow me to direct your hand to it, sir—this is it. Do you feel it? That is, the organ of adhesiveness—and never before, I think, did I see it so strongly developed. Believe me, sir, you are a wonderful exemplification of our theory; so much so, indeed, that I should almost be tempted to pronounce you a *lusus nature* of science."

"No, you don't," said the patient, removing the protuberance: "you are the curiosity; you can't tell gum from gumption."

Knickerbocker.

From the Romney (Va.) Intelligencer.

It is intimated by an able writer in the Richmond Enquirer, that the free negroes and mulattoes must be driven from the state. "The friends of the settlement of such people on the coast of Africa, have long sought the means of effecting this object." Could not Congress appropriate a million annually for such a purpose?—Could not many of the vessels of the U. S. be employed for transportation; and would not a million, with the aid of the Colonization Society, feed, and furnish the requisite implements of cultivation for near twenty thousand of this description of our people on that coast annually? We believe that there is more to be feared from the *mixed offspring* of the South, than from any other source. We are very far from being singular in this opinion. This offspring is becoming too numerous for the public safety.

Tennessee has passed a law authorizing \$10 to be paid to the American Colonization Society, or any other, for every free person of color they shall remove from that State to a Colony in Africa provided for their reception.

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effectually prevent any farther interference by them with our slave population. By efficient penal laws, it will then become the solemn duty of the whole South, in order to protect themselves and secure their rights and property against the unconstitutional combination of the non-slave holding States, and the murderous designs of their Abolitionists, to withdraw from the Union.

From the Baltimore American.

Baltimore & Susquehanna Rail-road.

We are much gratified to learn from an authentic source, that the surveys for the road have been recently completed. Much time and labor have been expended by the Engineer in the most careful examination of the whole range of country from the Valley of the Susquehanna on the east to Westminster on the west; and the Board of Directors have, on a mature consideration of the whole subject, and of the report of the Engineer, J. Trimble, Esq. and that of Major W. G. McNeil, the consulting Engineer, finally designated the route for construction.

The results of the surveys have demonstrated the existence of a route infinitely better than, from the great elevation of the Dividing Ridge, it was supposed could be found. The grade of the road bed towards the summit presents an even plane, and the greatest elevation in passing the summit does not exceed 60 feet to the mile, and that for about 2 miles only, and in the direction towards Baltimore; and being free from inclined planes the whole line of road can be travelled with locomotive engines. Instructions have been issued by the Board to the Engineers, to put the first division of the road under contract, and to prepare the whole line for immediate graduation; and it is estimated that the graduation of the entire route will be under contract before the 1st of December. The route of the road, as finally adopted, commences at Timonium, and proceeds from thence to the Gunpowder river near Jessop's Mill, thence along the valley of the Gunpowder river to the summit ridge, and thence down the Codorus to York. The whole distance from Baltimore to York is about 89½ miles.

In connection with this subject we are enabled to state that the Rail-road from York to Wrightsville is now under survey, and will be put under contract without delay, and completed at an early period in the ensuing spring—thus forming a connection with the Susquehanna river, and with Philadelphia by the Columbia Rail-road.

It is known to our readers, that the river Codorus, from York to the Susquehanna, has been improved by a lock and dam navigation, which, in connection with the Rail-road to York, will also afford a continuous communication from the Susquehanna to Baltimore.

The great improvement in the art of making Rail-roads, enables us to calculate with much certainty upon the time which their construction will require, and we should suppose, from the perseverance which has marked the conduct of the Directors, that the last of January, 1837, will see the whole of this great work in full operation. Its importance cannot be too highly estimated, when it is considered that the work connects the City of Baltimore with the works of the State of Pennsylvania, opens a direct communication with the Western country at Pittsburgh, and forms the most direct line of road from the Lakes and the New-York Canal to tide water.

The King of the French, & the People of France.—A friend in Paris closes a letter under date Aug. 16, with this language:—"The excitement growing out of the attempt upon the life of the King has not yet subsided. At first the feeling that prevailed, was that of involuntary indignation at the assassin-like character of the act, and sincere regret that Marshal Mortier and several other distinguished characters had perished. A feeling of satisfaction was also expressed at the escape of the King. It was merely momentary, however; and it is my solemn opinion, that if a vote could be taken this day, and if the real sentiments of the French people could be thus ascertained, the decision would be against Louis Philippe and in favor of his dethronement. Elevated by the kindness and affection of his countrymen to the highest station in the kingdom, his constant study, since that event, appears to have been to raise a tyranny more odious and dictatorial than that which the contest of the Three Glorious Days overthrew. His zealous and inveterate persecutions of the press, his hatred of all popular institutions, his degrading employment of spies and informers, his desire to conciliate and live on terms of intimacy with the most odious despots of Europe, his recent unwise and inequitable prosecution of the prisoners of April, and his determination on every occasion to run counter to the popular will—all tend to prove his unfitness for the position in which the ill-timed attachment of the French nation placed him.

He is now considered by many of the best and honest of the French people as a traitor to the principles of the revolution that elevated him to the Throne—as a traitor to the liberties of France. He is hated and despised by the great mass of the republicans, and only retains his place by the aid of a powerful standing army. He has even taken advantage of the recent affair to call more power and protection to his aid, and is now aiming a more fatal tyrannical blow at the liberties of the press than was ever aimed by Charles the Tenth himself. It is not surprising that under such circumstances—with the current of popular feeling swelling rapidly against him—that plots should be concerted for the destruction of his life? Not at all. He has already escaped more than once, and under circumstances so extraordinary as to confound and para-

lyze his force, for a time at least. They will, however, soon regain courage, and resort to some still more daring enterprise. True, they are now narrowly watched, and knowing their position they will remain calm and quiet for some months, but during the whole of this period Louis Philippe will continue to increase the number of his enemies, and sooner or later, unless he changes his course, he will fall by the hand of the assassin. Let my words be remembered. The people of the U. States can form no adequate idea of the prejudice that exists against the King of the French. The press of this country is completely fettered, and dare not speak out upon the subject. Truly, yours."—*Phil. Inq.*

THEY ARE CARRYING IT TOO FAR!

We regret to learn that a conspiracy to abduct Arthur Tappan has been discovered, for which purpose, it is said two small crafts are cruising in the offing, manned by persons determined to have him, if he is to be found either in New York or any part of New England. When the following rewards offered for Arthur Tappan, are considered, it is not to be wondered at, if some desperate adventurers are really at work with the determination of carrying him off, for the sake of the reward. The several sums offered are:

At Charleston, S. C.	\$20,000
New Orleans,	20,000
Macon, Georgia,	10,000
Norfolk,	6,000

and in several other states, different sums, making in the aggregate upwards of one hundred thousand dollars. The following is from the N. Y. Herald of Monday:

On Thursday a highly respectable gentleman of the bar, who lives in Cedar street, and whose name and number we have received in confidence, became acquainted with the fact in conversation with a gentleman from the south, while talking on the subject of slavery. There are at this moment, according to his account, cruising in our offing, two fast sailing craft from the South, manned by determined characters, in pursuit of Tappan; and steered to the purpose of kidnapping him if he can be found in any part of New England or New York. "Sir," said the southern gentleman, "they are now off this port, we shall have him at every risk."

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

Common Schools.—The school law is of more importance to the common people—men in moderate circumstances—and the poor, than any question which has arisen for a hundred years. By it, their children will be educated, and rendered capable of rising in the world; without putting them to heavy expenses which men who have to labor for their living cannot afford. In the coming contest, let them remember this, and put their shoulders to the wheel. If they will not defend their own interests, who shall do it for them? And now is the time. George Wolf is most bitterly opposed for the efforts he has made in favor of common schools. For those very acts which should endear him to every friend of liberty—equality—and the rights of the Common People, his enemies—and theirs—for they are the same—are endeavoring to prostrate him. But they will not succeed. The alarm has sounded, and the people are coming. Let every man do his duty, and another great and glorious triumph will be ours on the 2nd Tuesday of October.

U. States Mint at New Orleans.—

The New Orleans Bee states that the edifice for the Mint has been commenced on Jackson square, with the front in Esplanade street, where there is to be a splendid Grecian portico. The whole cost of the building, agreeably to the plan accepted, is estimated at four millions of dollars, of which \$200,000 have been already appropriated. The Boston Daily Advertiser condemns the expenditure of so large a sum for such an object. It says:—"We entirely approve of the plan of erecting buildings for public objects, when they are required in cities, in such a style that they may be deserving of notice as public ornaments. But there are limits to expenditures for such objects, to exceed which becomes wasteful extravagance." It will be recollected that Mr. CLAY strenuously opposed this appropriation, at the last session of Congress, and was roundly abused for his opposition by the Government press.

Ohio and Michigan.—By the follow-

ing paragraph, which we take from the Detroit Journal of the 17th inst, we are sorry to observe that the spirit of inordination to the constituted authorities has not yet been fairly laid on the border of Ohio and Michigan. What folly it is, (if it were not worse!) to keep up such an excitement, turmoil, and collision, in attempting to settle a question of territorial boundary, which the parties to this turmoil, either conjointly or separately, have not the authority to decide.

Renewal of Hostilities.—A report

reached us yesterday that fresh difficulties had broken out on our border which have proved more serious than any thing which has yet taken place. In an attempt on the part of the Michigan authorities to arrest and commit the judges, who had attempted to exercise unlawful jurisdiction, a skirmish ensued, in which firearms were called into requisition, and the

not long since wounded with a knife in a similar affair, received a ball through the arm from one of the rebels. We learn that Major Wing, of Monroe, immediately marched down a reinforcement of 100 men, and reports are current here that our troops will again be called out.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

LIFE OF A VILLAGE EDITOR.

A Lament.—There are no minorities exist more exasperating in their operations on the mind than those which pertain to the management of a country newspaper. Your metropolitan establishments are full of labor saving apparatus, and are moreover conducted on the most modern and approved toil-dividing principles. The editor has his separate closet or cockloft, his assistant another, and perhaps a third and fourth their appropriate retiring places also. The first employs himself two or three hours per diem upon the politics or other chief topics of the day, and there is an end of his task for these twenty-four hours. His subordinates overhaul the mail papers, string items together, make up police reports, scribble scraps of local news, detail or construct awful accidents, regulate the marine list, &c. each in his respective department. The publisher, who is next in authority to the principal editor, oversees the affairs of the counting room, where he is also assisted by book-keepers and clerks. The printer presides over the mysteries of the press and the composing stick, apportions the work among the Journeymen and apprentices, and his only care is to 'get out the paper in season.' Thus, by a systematic division of labor, each moving in his own allotted sphere, the whole machinery goes like clock work.

Not so with the concerns of a village print; especially if located on the seaboard, in some spot not used as the world's thoroughfare. Whoso superintends such a journal, must adapt his work to all manner of caprices, and undertake all sorts of enterprises. The duties of every part of the factory are concentrated in him. He must speculate in politics, fabricate tales, descend on the sciences, measure out paragraphs and poetry, gather ship news, compose advertisements, pick up jokes, jobs, marriages and deaths; he must hear every thing, know every thing, tell every thing; the books and bills, the purchases and payments, the collections and the kickings, are all within his province; he has the whole to regulate or provide for, to dispense or receive.

He must be accessible at all hours, always at his post, and often elsewhere; at every one's command; to puff or denounce, to blow up or suppress, watching the stream and winking at the eddy. His den or business purgatory is an epitome of chaos. Here a broken chair, there a

worm-eaten rickety table, bearing a cracked inkstand, three quill stumps, sundry scraps of scrawled paper, a pot of frowzy paste, a pair of edgeless scissors, and a tin lamp, stuck in a perforated barrel bung. In one corner is a dilapidated desk, covered with an assortment of office lumber and profession trumpery, a ledger, a dictionary, the mail book, a pile of congressional documents, bundles of unliquidated subscription bills, heaps of school books sent in to pay for anticipated compliments, pamphlets of every hue, size, and nature—some of them sleeping like himself on the very top of a magazine.

Here! you mister! did you print that paper?

Why—a—yes—perhaps. What then? How come you for to go for to put in that lie about my aunt?

Pray point it out.

Here 'tis (reads) "I warn all persons against harboring my wife Dorothy, as she has behaved in a very unbecoming manner," &c. Now what do you mean by printin' such libellous stuff, eh?

Oh! I know nothing about your aunt Dorothy. You must settle the matter with your uncle Rahab, who signs the notice.

I must, must I? Well I'll see about it. I say, Mr. Editor, why don't you blow up that nuisance, that lies here in the street under your own nose forever?

It is enough for me to smell it. Good morning.

Can I get you to advertise a lot of things I've got to sell?

Oh yes. Is the advertisement ready?

No, can't you write it for me? I'll tell you what they are. Though, come to think of it, I must go and see if they are all here. You can wait, I's pose?

The paper is nearly ready for press.

Well, I'll be back in an hour or two.

What the old Harry is the reason you don't send my paper?

It's the carrier's fault—and his name is Peter—not Harry.

But if he don't stop and leave it the next time, I will—that's all.

Oh don't—the error shall be corrected.

You didn't report my sloop, Mister.

The sloop Keula Bottom from Clam Harbor, Captain Baker, with a cargo of quawhogs, arrived last Sunday.

That was after the last paper was printed.

But you might have got it in, for we laid off and on a whole 24 hours.

Oh yes, we might, but you should have got in first.

Please let me look at your files—say about twelve or eighteen months back; I want to find when old Mrs. Golt died, and who settled her estate.

By all means. There they are. Sit down.

But you've got better eyesight than I, just look over them for me. It won't take more than an hour or so. You see I never knew she was dead you know. And I expected some of her property.

Then you should have taken the papers.

Well, now and then I borrow one at the next door, to send off to cousin Ma-

fact, and that answers my turn.

You must stop my papers to-day, I have so much to do that I can spare no time to read it.

Discontinue my paper if you please, from this date. Times are so dull, I must relinch. Sixpence a week comes to a whole dollar in three months.

Stop sending our paper. Father's

gone to the West Indies and mother writes him all the news.

Don't send any more papers, to Peter Grievous in the country.

But who pays his bill? He's three years in arrears.

Well I can't help it. You'd better write to him again. Maybe he'll pay if he can.

That name in the marriage last week wasn't spelt right. It should have been Mehitabel, not Mehitabel. Just alter it next time.

Oh to be sure. If we hita belle, we'll apologize.

Mister printer, my great uncle Joseph died three weeks ago, and you never noticed it.

How should I record the event without being furnished with the necessary particulars?

But I thought you knew every thing!

This I know—that his stingy heir would have sent the requisite information to the office, had he been aware that such notices are published gratis.

Will there be any war?

I guess not.

Can I have some handbills struck off? I have brought on a collection of wax figures, as large as life. The Witch of Endor, King Richard, with a crooked sh-

Moll Pitcher, Amos Kendall, Tecome-
and Col. Johnson, old Nick Biddle and Mr. Van Buren, and all the other great men. Please to make a flaming sheet about two foot long, all full of print.

What'll be the damage?

Two or three dollars, probably.

Oh—abominable! Why I never gave but four and sixpence.

Mister—mother wants you to give her a spoonful of printer's ink to put on a ring-worm.

Just call on the apprentice in the printing office—he'll give you some.

What, Jim Collins in there?

Yes, yes.

Is the comet a-going to come?

They say it will—but you seem frightened.

Why, if it should hit the earth, and kill us all, and destroy all our property, what an awful thing it would be! Here I've been scratching together a little something and got it all snog—quite a handsome estate—and then to have it all sent to smash—why it's too bad.

But my good friend, if you go with it and your heirs also, what's the odds?

People die only once—in this world—at least; and if it were not wisely appointed unto men once to die," what a good nothing herd would mankind soon become, provided nevertheless, that such exemption from mortality carried with it no different dispositions, desires, and habits; than those which now distinguish the race: Dismiss your avarice and your fears will follow. Go home and be quiet—take the newspaper, say your prayers, AND PAY THE PRINTER.

A Western Whig editor, in giving his reasons for taking up another candidate for the Presidency in preference to Mr. Webster, says:—"Of Mr. WEBSTER we have heretofore had occasion to express our sentiments. We admire his genius, his eloquence, his love of country. As a scholar we believe he has no superior. As a parliamentary debater, he has attained a reputation which will be as durable as the memory of the great subjects on which his mind has been brought to bear. We say that he would make a President who would do honor to the American People. But—" Who could suppose that so noble and just an eulogy could end with a but. And to what does this ill-omened word conduct us?—"But he wants popularity in the South, and in the West there is not a state that can be positively claimed for him. Were he a candidate, there is no question that he would, in every part of the Union, receive a support which would be flattering, from the intelligence from which it emanated, but—prejudices exist in relation to him. We admit that those prejudices, which impede his prospects, are unjust—we admit that his character is not properly understood by the great body of the People, but—" And thus the worthy editor goes on, giving the best reasons in the world for supporting Mr. Webster, yet answering them all with a but, and concluding with the avowal that because the best man—the man so wise, so eloquent, so patriotic—whose election would do honor to the American People—labors under prejudices in some portion of the Union, (which it would be more consistent with elevated notions of duty to attempt to remove than succumb to—he must be abandoned, and one who, in all leading qualifications, is his inferior, be supported in his stead! How much more manly and commendable, it appears to us, is the language of another Whig editor in the West:—"While we can point (says he) to such names as WEBSTER and CLAY in the roll of the Whig party, we can never consent to stoop to the selection of a second rate man. It would be doing injustice to those men, as well as convicting ourselves of the grossest inconsistency."

From the Pittsburgh Advocate.

Three years ago, we, among the other supporters of Mr. Webster, though perhaps the humblest of them all, were not behind our contemporaries in zeal at least for the election of Henry Clay of Kentucky, and if the same question were to arise again, we would again prefer him to any other man in the Union—except Daniel Webster. But while we can point to the names of such men as Webster and Clay in the roll of the Whig party, we can never consent to stoop to the selection of a second rate man. It would be doing injustice to those men, as well as convicting ourselves of the grossest inconsistency, to bring forward

another "military chieftain" after the loud remonstrances of the party, confirmed by the sad experience of the last six or seven years. But aside from this consideration, it is enough for us that by no probable combination of circumstances, can General Harrison ever expect to get the vote of Pennsylvania, and it is because we have ventured to express this opinion, together with the reasons on which it is founded, that we are proscribed by the Louisville Journal, as alien to the great Whig family of the Union. It is doubtless a very easy mode of getting rid of an opponent; but if the Whig papers which do not choose to postpone Daniel Webster to any hero of their all, are to be disposed of in this summary way, we beg leave at once to enter our protest against it. This system of tactics is too much after the manner of the late heroes, to sit well on our stomachs.

If the editor of the Journal will only point out to us one man in Western Pennsylvania, who is in favor of the nomination of Harrison, the argument will be fair at least, if it is even without force.

We have challenged the production of such an individual, and we will not be content with the reply, how conclusive soever the Journal may presume it, that the Advocate is not a Whig paper.

It is idle to talk about General Harrison in Pennsylvania. No press in Western Pennsylvania has declared in his favor, and as for the people, crazy as they may be flatteringly supposed, after military men, they are not to be lashed by any process into an excitement like that which passed like a whirlwind over our State, when Gen. Jackson was nominated.

From the N. York American of August 24.

THE PRESIDENCY.—To an Inquirer, who asks why this paper is so silent on the subject of Gen. Harrison as a candidate for the Presidency, and why the recent ovations in his honor at Louisville, Kentucky, and at Cincinnati, are not commemorated in our columns, we have this short and simple reply—that we look upon these proceedings as injurious to the cause, and inconsistent with the principles of the Whigs, and therefore are not willing, as far as our paper is concerned, even to seem to participate in them.

To Gen. Harrison, personally, we not only have no objection, but regard him with positive partiality. It is to the feeling alone which prompts his nomination, that we object—the feeling for military glory. Something too much of that we are now suffering under—something too much of the consequences of that miserable infatuation, which raised Gen. Jackson to the Presidency, is daily before our eyes, to admit of our concurring in another essay from among warrior men.

No one, we apprehend, will dispute that, but for his military services—Gen. Harrison would not have been thought of, as a candidate. But military services, we in common with the Whig party have been contending against, as absolute disqualifications for the highest civil magistracy in the republic. We have been invoking the monuments of history to prove, how certainly the glare of military renown bewilders the popular judgment, blinds it to all defects of character, and reconciles it to all excess of power; and when, the lessons of the past being disregarded—this people rushed on in the wake of a conqueror, and, with unreasoning emulation, harnessed themselves to the triumphal car—we have had occasions—too many—by our own experience, to establish the truth of history, and the identity

in all ages, of military chieftains; and deluded and intoxicated people. In the face of all this, we are now asked—ourselves, to propose and support a soldier for the Presidency! It is impossible, under any existing state of things, that we should consent to such a course—nor can we believe, that it is either wise or expedient, in those with whom we have been acting heretofore, to do so.

Gen. Harrison's real strength, as yet at least, is nothing, though by dint of "drums, trumpets and blunderbusses"—of hurrahs! for Tippecanoe and the

Phases—for the conqueror of Proctor, as an equivalent to the conqueror of Wellington's veterans—and such like expedients, his retainers may be swayed into an imposing array; but how will they, who have so indignantly rebuked such appeals to the most intelligent people on the Globe, when urged in the behalf of Gen. Jackson—how will, how can they make use of them, themselves, in behalf of Gen. Harrison.

For ourselves we are content, nay proud, to be ranged and to remain under the banner of the Constitution, upborne through good and evil report, by DANIEL WEBSTER; and prefer even defeat under it, to dangerous victory under any military banner."

Proper Time of Rising.—Among the curiosities at Apsley House, is the truckle bed in which the Duke of Wellington sleeps. "Why, it is so narrow," exclaimed a friend, "there is not even room to turn in it!" "Turn in it," cried his Grace, "when once a man begins to turn in his bed, it is time to turn out."

It is estimated by well informed persons, that no less than 19,000,000,000 silk worms die annually, victims to the production of the amount of silk consumed in England for one year!

Arkansas to take into consideration the admission of that territory into the Union. Twenty-one counties have a population of 34,972, by the census just taken, which number is greater than the whole territory of 30 counties contained in 1834. The total population probably numbers about 50,000.

From the Southern Literary Messenger for Aug. EXTRAORDINARY INDIAN FEATS OF LEGGERDEMAIN.

From the Manuscript of D. D. Mitchell, Esq. I have felt some reluctance in narrating the following singular feat, (I had almost said miracles,) which I saw performed among the Arickara Indians, not because I considered them unworthy the attention of the curious, but lest I should be accused of sporting with the reader's credulity, or of availing myself too largely of what is supposed by some to be the traveler's privilege. I acknowledge that the performance was altogether above my comprehension, and greatly excited my astonishment.

In civilized life, we know the many expedients to which men resort in order to acquire a subsistence, and are not therefore surprised, that, by perseverance and long practice, stimulated by necessity, they should attain great dexterity in the art of deception. To find, it, however, carried to such great perfection by wild and untutored savages, who are neither urged by necessity, nor indeed receive the slightest reward for their skill, is certainly very surprising.

In travelling up the Missouri during the summer of 1831, we lost our horses near the Arickara village, which caused our detention for several days. As this nation has committed more outrages upon the whites than any other on the Missouri, and seem to possess all the vices of the savage without a redeeming virtue, we found ourselves very unpleasantly situated near the principal village, without sufficient force to repel an attack if one should be made. After some deliberation we adopted the advice of an old Canadian hunter, and determined to move our chateaus directly into the village, and, whilst we remained, to take up our lodgings with the tribe. We were emboldened to this step, by the assurance of the hunter, that the Arickaras had never been known to kill but one man who had taken refuge within the limits of their town, and that their forbearance originated in the superstitious belief that the ghost of the murdered had haunted their encampment, and had frightened away the buffalo by his nightly screams.

We were received in the village with much more politeness than we expected; a lodge was appropriated to our use, and provisions were brought to us in abundance. After we were completely refreshed, a young man came to our lodge and informed us that a band of bears, (as he expressed it) or medicine men, were making preparations to exhibit their skill, and that if we felt disposed we could witness the ceremony. We were much gratified at the invitation, as we had all heard marvellous stories of the wonderful feats performed by the Indian medicine men or jugglers. We accordingly followed our guide to the medicine lodge, where we found six men dressed in bear skins, and seated in a circle in the middle of the apartment. The spectators were standing around, and so arranged as to give each individual a view of the performers.

They civilly made way for our party, and placed us so near the circle that we had ample opportunity of detecting the imposture, if any imposition should be practised. The actors (if I may so call them) were painted in the most grotesque manner imaginable, blending so completely the ludicrous and frightful in their appearance, that the spectator might be said to be somewhat undecided whether to laugh or to shudder. After sitting for some time in a kind of mournful silence, one of the jugglers desired a youth, who was near him, to bring some stiff clay from a certain place, which he named, on the river bank. This we understood, through an old Canadian named Garroo, (well known on the Missouri), who was present and acted as our interpreter. The young man soon returned with the clay, and each of these human bears immediately commenced the process of moulding a number of little images exactly resembling buffaloes, men and horses, bows, arrows, &c. When they had completed nine of each variety, the miniature buffaloes were all placed together in a line, and the little clay hunters mounted on their horses, and holding their bows and arrows in their hands, were stationed about three feet from them in a parallel line. I must confess that at this part of the ceremony I felt very much inclined to be merry, especially when I observed what appeared to me the ludicrous solemnity with which it was performed. But my ridicule was changed into astonishment, and even into awe, by what speedily followed.

When the buffaloes and horsemen were properly arranged, one of the jugglers thus addressed the little clay men, or hunters:—"My children, I know you are hungry; it has been a long time since you have been out hunting. Exert yourselves today. Try and kill as many as you can. Here are white people present who will laugh at you if you don't kill. Go! don't you see that the buffaloes have already got the scent of you and have started?" Conceive, if possible, our amazement, when the speaker's last words ceased his lips, at seeing the little images start off at full speed, followed by the Lilliputian horsemen, who, with their bows of clay and arrows of straw, actually pierced the sides of the flying buffaloes at the distance of three feet. Several of the little animals soon fell, apparently dead—but two of them ran round the circumference of the circles (a distance of fifteen or

twenty feet), and before they many ten, one had three and the other five arrows transfixed in his side. When the buffaloes were all dead, the man who first addressed the hunters spoke to them again, and ordered them to ride into the fire, (a small one having been previously kindled in the centre of the apartment) and on receiving this cruel order, the gallant horse-

men, without exhibiting the least symptoms of fear or reluctance, rode forward at a brisk trot until they had reached the fire. The horses were stopped and drew back, when the ladies cried in an angry tone, "why don't you ride in?"

The riders now commenced beating their horses with their bows, and soon succeeded in urging them into the flames, where horses and riders both tumbled down, and for a time lay basking on the coals. The medicine men gathered up the dead buffaloes and laid them also on the fire, and when all were completely dried they were taken out and pounded into dust. After a long speech from one of the party, (of which our interpreter could make nothing,) the dust was carried to the top of the lodge, and scattered to the winds.

I paid the strictest attention during the whole ceremony, in order to discover, if possible, the mode by which this extraordinary deception was practised; but all my vigilance was of no avail. The jugglers themselves sat motionless during the performance, and the nearest was not within six feet. I failed altogether to detect the mysterious agency by which inanimate images of clay were, to all appearance, suddenly endowed with the action, energy and feeling of living beings.

JEWISH RELIGION.—We have in our possession a "Shekel of silver," which is probably one of the oldest coins extant. It is of very pure silver, and appears not to have been struck with a die, but to have been cast in a mould. Although much worn, the designs upon it are sufficiently distinct. On one side is a Censer with incense burning, and this inscription in Hebrew characters, "Shekel of Israel;" and on the reverse is an olive tree, and the inscription "the Holy Jerusalem." No date indicates its age, and it may be inferred that at the time of its coinage the custom of dating money had not been introduced. As the Romans were careful along with the independence of the nations they subdued, to merge also their civil institutions, and distinctive character, it can hardly be supposed that a coinage of their own was permitted to the Jews after the conquest of Jerusalem.

Upon this supposition, which is certainly a probable one, this shekel must be more than eighteen hundred years old. How many vague associations cluster round it. It may have been upon some table of the Money Changers, which our Saviour overthrew at the Temple. It may have been one of the thirty pieces of silver rendered to the traitor Judas as the price of blood. We know of it this:—It was brought to this country many years since, by a clergyman from Holland, and had probably been carried there by some of the Jews who emigrated from Palestine. —*Catskill Recorder.*

The slave population of the United States by the census of 1800, was 393,041. In 1810, —1,191,364. In 1820, —1,538,038. In 1830, —2,009,043 slaves and 319,599 free blacks; which shows they double in about twenty-five years; therefore, according to the ratio, the Slave population at this time is about 2,300,000, to which add the free blacks, and it shows the colored or African race in the United States to be equal to the whole population at the commencement of the Revolution, or nearly the same as the present population of Scotland.

A clerk in one of the departments of the English Treasury has been dismissed, in conformity with the provisions of a statute of George III., for having interfered in the elections for Parliament. The principles of Liberty in this respect are better appreciated in England than in this country. An office holder here would have been rewarded for electioneering in behalf of the Government candidate. The more useful a person is to the administration in this respect, the better; and if he have the faculty of writing a clever electioneering article, he will be placed in some eligible sinecure where he may scribble for the Powers that be, and draw his remuneration from the People's Treasury. —*Atlas.*

The TEXAS gives the following anecdotes of FIESCHI.—"A person in whom Fieschi seems to place much confidence, asked him, in his prison, if the King was exposed to any danger at present. "At present," he replied, after a short pause, "No, it will be some time before another Fieschi can be found." When asked "who had given him the idea of the infernal machine, he answered "No one; there are few persons, let me tell you, who are capable of directing Fieschi." Messrs. Baude and Letrocet speak highly of the great superiority of his intellect. His health has greatly improved; his mind seems perfectly at ease, and he passes his time chiefly at playing dominoes."

Fieschi has declared in one of his examinations, that if, three months ago, he had five pounds in the world he would not have remained in Paris. A friend of his, an engineer in Corsica, had a claim on the French Government for 25,000 francs which he proposed to employ in the establishment of a linen manufactory, and invited Fieschi to join in the enterprise. The friend was disappointed, however, in the money he expected, and could not consequently take Fieschi with him to his own country.

The waiter of a tavern on the Boulevard du Temple, has been arrested near an accomplice of Fieschi. The house in which he was waiter, was much frequented by the latter. The arrest is said to be an important one.

The Journal de Paris informs us that General Coligny, Governor of Tarragon, has taken refuge in France, in consequence of disorders, similar to those at Barcelona, having broken out in his government.



ADAMS SENTINEL.
GETTYSBURG, Pa. Oct. 5, 1835.

Flour is Baltimore \$6 12 1/2.

It would appear, from various remarks and publications, that the free exercise of political opinion is conceded to every other person but the Editor of the "Sentinel." If he dare venture, from conscientious feeling, to express an opinion and determination, and his course differ from that of some other individuals, he is denounced as a recreant from Whig principles, and sworn to support a Mason, "right or wrong," and advance his "political preferment" in preference to a man who is not a Mason.

We censure no man for honestly voting as he thinks right; and we claim the same privilege—and will not yield that right to please any man, not to further the interested views of any body of men. We conscientiously believe that GEORGE WOLF is the most competent and most unexceptionable of the three candidates before the people. Under that belief, we shall vote for him. Other individuals may think and act differently—we censure them not—we only ask freedom of thought and action for ourselves.

The only reason advanced for charging us with not being good Whigs, is, that the party which nominated Mr. WOLF, has declared for Mr. VAN BUREN. We are not the friends of the election of that gentleman, as every reader of the "Sentinel" knows—and shall oppose his elevation to the Presidency, when the time comes for action. That time has not yet arrived, in our opinion; and we shall act independently of that feeling in the State election of the 13th.

But we view it in another light. The Wolf and Muhlenberg parties appear to be favorable to Mr. Van Buren—and the Ritner party to Gen. Harrison. Now we profess ourselves the friends of neither of these gentlemen—we go for Mr. Webster, the great champion of the Constitution, if Mr. Clay is not a candidate; and the great body of the Whigs agree with us in opinion. Therefore, the different parties standing in the same attitude towards us as respects the election of President, we should be glad to know where is the desertion of Whig principle, in making a selection of either of the candidates for Governor. We feel ourselves honest in the selection of GEORGE WOLF, as the best man under the circumstances of the case.

As to the hacknied and stale charge of being sworn to advance a Mason's "political preferment," in preference to another who is not a Mason, it is scarcely necessary to make a remark; we presume that but few men, with the evidence before them to the contrary, have any belief in the constantly reiterated charge. We ask any man who has a doubt upon the subject, to make the inquiry from the great leader of Anti-masonry, T. STEVENS, Esq. whether HE BELIEVES that the Editor of the "Sentinel" is sworn to advance a Mason's "political preferment," in preference to another who is not a Mason? We put it to the honor and candor of Mr. STEVENS to answer the inquiry.

Inspector's Election.
A three-sided election took place in the Borough on Friday last, which resulted as follows:

Ritner Ticket.—Inspector, Wm. W. Paxton, 88—Assessor, George Heck, 86.
Wolf Ticket.—Inspector, Samuel R. Russell, 67—Assessor, Samuel H. Buehler, 66.

Muhlenberg Ticket.—Inspector, John B. Marsh, 50—Assessor, Adam Walter, 49.

The "Republican Compiler" appeared last week in a new dress and enlarged form.

LAMENTABLE OCCURRENCE.

We regret to learn from the Baltimore Patriot, that Mr. Phineas Davis, well known for his successful efforts in bringing the locomotive engines, used by the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, to their present high state of perfection, lost his life on Sunday last, under the following circumstances:—"He had just completed a new engine, with several improvements, rendering it even more effective than his others; and took the opportunity, yesterday, of gratifying his numerous workmen with an excursion to Washington, drawn by this last evidence of his genius and their skill. On

being permitted for the purpose of the visit, the Engine run off the track, at a place where the chair connecting the rails being broken, the ends were thrown so far out of the same line, as to catch the flange and produce the accident. Mr. Davis and three others were on the Engine, and he is supposed to have received the blow which deprived him of life, from the Tender, which was thrown with

great violence against the Engine—he perished instantaneously—no one else was injured." —*Phil. Inq.*

Curious Case.—Dr. Ely a Slaveholder. The Rev. Dr. Ely, at present of Philadelphia, but about to remove with his family to Mississippi, relates the following interesting circumstances. During a recent visit to the West, he was waited upon by a lady, a colored woman and her child. The woman was in great distress, in consequence of the sale of her husband to a slave dealer, who was about to remove him to a distant part of the country. The slave had been put in irons, to prevent his escape. He managed notwithstanding, to escape with his hands on his head, and a large reward was offered for his recovery. The Doctor was anxious to do something to relieve the distress of the wretched woman, and to restore her husband to her, and there was but one way to effect his purpose. He called upon the slave dealer, who informed him that the slave had not yet been found. Notwithstanding the uncertainty of obtaining possession of the slave, he bargained with his new owner for him, paid him seven hundred dollars, and became himself a slaveholder. It was necessarily very uncertain whether he would ever see the slave whom he had purchased. In a few days, however, Ambrose the slave, was at his door, and expressed his delight that he had been purchased.

The Doctor says in reference to this purchase:

"Let the terms be well considered. According to the laws of the land, Ambrose is my slave, but in truth he is my hired man. I have opened an account with him; have charged him with the purchase money; will charge him with all the expense he causes me, and will credit him, as were he any other hired man, with the work he performs for me. When he has cleared himself by his labor, I have told him that I will sell him to himself, or take him into Illinois, and give him a certificate of manumission. In this way I think myself free from all unrighteousness in enslaving a fellow man. In this way, thousands who hate slavery, could free men from Slavery. And in this way, a nominal slaveholder may be no oppressor of a brother in the human family. Most heartily do I wish that our land had never known slavery; but since it exists here, let us mitigate its evils until it can be wholly abolished."

Drunkennes.—The most frightful and sickening effect of intoxication, that we have ever heard of, occurred recently in Dublin. In a drunken quarrel between a man, named Frenessy, a tinker, and his wife Ame, the latter hurled at her husband her own young child, which was killed almost immediately.

The Five Senses.—Perhaps hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling, are not all our senses. A blind, deaf, and dumb girl, of the name of Julia-Brace, is in the Hartford asylum, the only blind, deaf and dumb person known to us to be in the world, except one other single instance. Julia never makes a false step upon a flight of stairs or enters a wrong door, or mistakes her seat at the table, within the house she inhabits. She can copy raised letters accurately. She is instructed in needlework, and takes great delight in it. Her simple wardrobe is systematically arranged. If an article is displaced by another person, she perceives it, and restores it. She selects her own garments without hesitation, from large baskets full of other clothing. What is the sense by which she performs so many operations, which would seem to require the use of sight? —*Jeffersonian.*

The best way to be Happy.—Never sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is not the way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep the mind active, and, depend upon it, this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

Who are the poor? Are they the industrious? Those who labor, provided their gains are small, have generally a feeling of independence with that little, akin to the rich man's treasures.

Who are the unhappy? Are they not those who are inactive, and sit still and tell us, if fortune had only thrown this and that in their way, that they should have been far happier?

It seems to me there is a great defect in the conduct of the unfortunate. If we are deprived of ordinary resources, instead of looking round and substituting other things, are we not prone to sit down and mourn what we have lost? This deadens the energies, kills the activity of our nature, and makes us useless drones, when we should be working bees.

Besides this, indolence sets fancy at work; and presently we imagine ourselves to be in a condition that we are unfit to work. We get the habit of observing the changes in the wind, we feel our pulses look at our tongues, and in a short time become regular dyspeptics. Industry, then, preserves health as well as happiness.

Cheese upon a Great Scale.—Col. Thomas S. Mechem, of Richland, Oswego county, keeps one hundred and fifty-four cows, and has made this season 300 cheeses weighing 125 pounds a

hundred pounds—beating, we believe, old Parson Letland's cheese presented to Mr. Jefferson. Col. Mechem intends, it seems, to go the whole cheese, and present the monster to Gen. Jackson. He has several others weighing 800 pounds, one of which he intends for the Vice President, one for Gov. Marcy, and one for each of the cities of N. York, Albany, Troy and Rochester.

Newspaper borrowers are a nuisance to newspaper makers, and robbers of newspaper printers. But it is of no use to talk upon the subject; for we believe with the advertiser, a clever little paper printed at Bangor, that "a man so lost to decency as to be in the constant practice of borrowing newspapers in this country, when they may be bought so cheap, cannot be reformed by any thing that can be said on the subject."

Some writers in Charleston, (S. C.) Mercury and Patriot, have recommended a suspension of the commercial intercourse with the North. A line of packets is proposed, to run between Charleston and Liverpool. If both measures are adopted, then, perhaps, all the cotton is to go to, and all the goods to come from Abolition Old England! rather than to or from Anti-Abolition New England!

Tennessee has done her part at the Ballot Box. An anti-Van Buren Governor is elected, as also 11 of 13 Congressmen of the same character.

WOLF TICKET.

GOVERNOR,
GEORGE WOLF.
SENATOR,
DR. ALEXANDER SMALL.
ASSEMBLY,
THOMAS C. MILLER.
COMMISSIONER,
JOHN AULBAUGH.
AUDITOR,
JOHN EICKER.
DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,
JACOB HERBST.

Muhlenberg Ticket.

GOVERNOR,
HENRY A. MUHLENBERG.
SENATOR,
DR. ALEXANDER SMALL.
ASSEMBLY,
GEORGE SMYSER,
ISAAC ROBINSON.
COMMISSIONER,
HENRY MYERS, (Tyrone.)
AUDITOR,
ABRAHAM PICKING.
DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,
PETER TROSTLE.

Anti-Masonic Ticket.

GOVERNOR,
JOSEPH RITNER.
SENATOR,
JAMES MCCONKEY.
ASSEMBLY,
THADDEUS STEVENS,
JAMES MCSHERRY.
COMMISSIONER,
GEORGE WILL.
AUDITOR,
ALLEN ROBINETTE.
DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,
QUINTON ARMSTRONG.

NOTICE.
On the 20th ult. by John Garvin, Esq., Mr. Joseph A. Hall, to Miss Susanna Bishop—both of Germany township.

DUE NOTICE.

ALL persons having accounts with **EMANUEL ZIEGLER**, are hereby requested to call and settle the same with the subscriber. It is absolutely necessary to close the same by the 20th inst., after which time the Books will be placed in the hands of a Magistrate for collection.
DAVID ZIEGLER.
Oct. 3.

FOR SALE.

UNTIL the first of January next, by the subscriber, his

DWELLING AND STORE-HOUSE, with three other OUT-LOTS. If not sold then, all will be for Rent.
DAVID ECKER.
Gettysburg, Oct. 5.

LAND FOR SALE.

WILL be Exposed to Public Sale, on Saturday the 7th day of November next, on the premises,

A Tract of Patented Land, lath the Real Estate of Samuel Waugh, Esq. deceased, formerly of Silver Spring township, Cumberland county, containing

362 ACRES,

part of which is Limestone and part Slate stone Land, of a good quality. The improvements on the above property are a **LARGE TWO-STORY STONE HOUSE,** Two Double Log Barns, Two Apple Orchards of good fruit, and there are also two never-failing springs of good limestone water near the house.

The above property will be sold together, or in two parts, to suit purchasers, one part containing 152 Acres, with the improvements, and the other containing 210 Acres, unimproved: each part having a sufficiency of good Timber-land. Said property is situated within one mile of Fisher's Mill, and within two miles of Fisher's and Hoover's Mills. Any person wishing to view said property, will apply to Wm. Waugh, on the premises. An indisputable title and possession will be given on the 1st of April, 1836.

Commenced at 11 o'clock, A. M. of said day, when the terms will be made known by

JAMES GREASON, & ROSS LAMBERTON.
For the heirs.
N. B. If the above Property should not be sold on the day above mentioned, it will be offered for RENT, at the same time and place.
J. G. & R. L.
Oct. 5. \$2.75

BATTALION ORDERS.

THE "American Union Battalion" will parade in the borough of Gettysburg, on Friday next the 9th inst. at 10 o'clock, A. M.—each private to be provided with ten rounds of blank cartridge.
DAVID SCOTT, MAJOR.

Oct. 3.
An Election will be held on said day for Officers of the Gettysburg Troop.
Gen. T. C. MILLER and Staff are requested to attend said parade.

List of Letters,
Remaining in the Post Office at Gettysburg, Adams county, Penn. on the first of Oct., 1835, which if not taken out before the first of January next, will be sent to the General Post Office as Dead Letters:

John Ash	Mary Leiser
Francis Allison	Wm. Lynn
S. C. Agnew	Daniel Lavy
Thompson Armor	Mrs. Laughlin
Clement Atkins	Henry Lilly
	Daniel Longenecker
Nancy Boyd	
Samuel B. Brady	Henry W. Miller
Sarah Barr	Noah Miller
John Bare	Mr. McLeod
Edward B. Brothers	Elizabeth Matthias
Fordy Bear	Constantine Maynough
John Bewere	Henry McElroy
Rev. R. T. Boyd	Lydia Martin
Philip and Michael	Alexander McGraw
Berner	Peter Mark
Rachel A. Bandon	Peter Musser
Reinhart Bixley	Abraham Micklely
Reinhart Bott 2	John Meyers
Samuel Benjamin	James M. Knight
William Blum	Peter Martin
Nancy Brackenridge	Abraham Mumma
John Beam	Michael M. Gavern
Henry Bishop	John M. Calip
Henry Bickman	John M. Coffin
Henry Black	Russell M. Laughlin
James Brinkerhoff	Miss E. M. D. M'Donnell
Hiram Boyd	
John S. Crawford, esq.	Wm. McIlheny
Wm. Cowover	
Philip Crup, of Joseph Ross	M. Nasser
Nicholas Coleman	John Neely
Alexander Currans	
Philip Coll	Perry J. Odell
Robert Cobean	Richard Odell
	Edward B. Ormstead
Michael Downe	Arthur O'Neill
John Deatrick	
Nicholas Deatrick, sen.	Ann Pottoff
Mary Dellow	Catharine Plunkett
Isaac Darst	Emiline Paden
Lott Ensey	Daniel Range
Eric Eichelberger	Christian Rindloup
John Ebert	Jacob Rex
Nicholas Eckenrode	
George Eyster	John Sadler
John R. Ethie	John Shultz
	Christian Stout
William Fallon	Wm. M. Scott
Eliza M. Fletcher	Jacob Stick
Wm. Ferree	David Sietze
Michael Fissel	Charles Swatz
Eve Flubacher	Henry Sweny 2
	Wm. Stewart
George Geyer	Nicholas Stultz
David Geyer, jr.	Charles Swartz
John Gilbert	Jacob Scholl
Edward Gill	Mary J. Stevenson
Lydia Gilbert	
C. E. Gohhart	John Taylor
John Gieselman	Philip Trussell
	John Taughenbaugh
Wm. Hamilton	William Taylor
P. Hart	
George Heagy	Garret Vanosde
Nicholas Heltzel	Wm. Weldy
Thomas Hughes 2	Adam Walter
Wm. Holtzworth 2	Henry Wolf
Phebe Humphrey	S. Weible
Conrad Hoke	Mr. Work 2
James Hamilton	
Solomon Hartman	Daniel Wegnight
David Heagy	Conrad Wagoner
Wilson Hubley	Frederick Wagoner
John Hemin	John Wilson 2
Isaac Hohn	William Wimple
Augustus F. Hirsch	Eliza Weaver
	John Wyre
James Irvine	James Wilson
	James Words
David Jamison 2	Y. Asel Yates
Thomas Jones	
	German Letters.
Margaret Kitchen	Christian Schmit
Joseph Kitchen	Frederick Rall
Wm. Kerr	G. Mueller
Thomas Kepner, esq.	John Beker
Elizabeth Keech	George Schnu
	Godlip Kreutzmann
	Adam Long
	WM. W. BELL, P. M.

Oct. 3.

List of Letters,

Remaining in the Post Office at Littlestown, Adams county, Penn. Oct. 1st, 1835.

George Bishop	Michael Harner 4
Miss H. Buttice	Andrew Kuntz
Abraham Bute 2	Jacob Little
George Bair, jr.	John M. Ivain
John Ding	James M. Gee
Jacob Fisher	Michael Miller
Michael Foltz	Ignatius Mudor
Michael Gilman	Sebastian Obold
Catharine Groff 2	Levi Picking
Jacob Groff	Richard Stewart
Daniel Hoover	John Stubbs
Josiah A. Hall	John Shorb.
Abraham Harner	
	F. LEAS, P. M.

Oct. 3.

List of Letters,

Remaining in the Post Office at Fairfield, Adams county, Penn. October 1st, 1835.

Bradley Charles	Miller John (cooper)
Burr Peter	at F. Kepley's
Blythe Miss Tirzah	M. McCormick Francis 2
Crawford Thomas	M. Cleary James
Dillow Jacob	M. Kee John W.
Pehl Mrs. Nancy	Paxton Miss Harriet
Fundenburg Henry	Prim Elizabeth
Hawn John	Sholly Christian
Irwin Israel	Smith Jacob
Kittinger Joseph	Williams Mrs. Cath.
	WM. JOHNSTON, P. M.

Oct. 3.

WOOD.

Those persons who have promised us Wood in payment of their subscriptions to the "Sentinel," are requested to deliver it as soon as convenient.

Oct. 3.

VALUABLE FARM,

In Carroll's Tract, FOR SALE.

IN pursuance of an order of Orphans' Court of Adams County, will be Exposed to Public Sale, on Friday the 16th day of October next, on the premises, the

Valuable FARM,

Late the Estate of SAMUEL WITHEROW, Esq. deceased, situated in Carroll's Tract, Hamilton township, Adams county, Pa. containing about

826 ACRES

—of which above 200 are first rate Limestone Land—and the balance in excellent Timber.

THE IMPROVEMENTS ARE A

good two-story Stone Dwelling HOUSE,

large Stone Bank Barn, Wagon-shed, corn-crib, Spring-house over a never-failing spring near the dwelling; a good Orchard with 150

bearing Fruit Trees, with a

CIDER PRESS;

a good well of water near the house, with a pump in it. About 20 Acres are in good Meadow, and as much more can be made as desirable. Nearly all the fields are well watered. An indisputable title will be given. The terms will be one-half in hand, and the balance in six equal annual payments.

M. when attendance will be given by

ALMANACS,
BY the gross or single dozen, for sale at the Apothecary and Book Store of the subscriber.

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Oct. 3.

BARGAINS.

NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ARNOLD

HAS just received, and now offers for sale, a large and well selected stock of FRESH GOODS, as has ever been offered to the Public in this place. His Stock consists, in part, of Fine and superfine Cloths, all colors, Milled Casimeres, plain, striped, plaid and corded, Fine and superfine Cassinette, Sattinets and Cords, Beaverreen, Molesters and Peterhamas, Merino, silk and common Vestings, 3-4, 4-4 and 6-4 English and French Merinos.

Oil and common 3-4 and 4-4 Chins, Calicoes and Ginghamas, Merino, Thibet wool, Cashmere, and Silk Shawls.

Merino, Thibet wool, Cashmere, Silk and Gauze Dress Handkerchiefs, Italian Lutesstrings, Plaid and plain Gros de Naps., Fur Capes, Cravats, Bosas, Chinchilla and Fur Caps, &c. &c.

with almost every article in the

DRY GOOD LINE.

